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The Shape of Things

BOMBING OF LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM, as well as of scattered industrial towns throughout the country, and the sudden intensification of activity along the southeast coast mark a new phase of the attack on Britain. From both Berlin and London come warnings that the "real" battle is now under way. Much worse days undoubtedly lie ahead. Although bombs falling near St. Paul's and knocking a wall out of the ancient church of St. Giles may do little harm from a military point of view, they prove the difficulty of protecting even the nerve centers of the country from assault. But in spite of the increased pressure on Britain, we suggest that our readers exercise a little more than their customary skepticism in reading Mr. Malcolmson's dispatch from Washington this week. The opinion he reports is mainly that of military men, one of whose chief functions is to convince reluctant legislators of the immediate necessity for large defense appropriations. Their instinct is inevitably to magnify omens of disaster. That such opinion is general is news of first importance; but as Mr. Malcolmson suggests, it should not be taken as a literal prognosis of developments abroad. Britain is engaged in mortal combat, but so far it shows no signs of weakening, nor do the experts in Washington report any such signs. It is fighting a battle in which the security of the United States is one of the chief stakes. How American officials and legislators can longer delay sending the destroyers Churchill has asked for is beyond understanding.

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HOW SERIOUS IS THE AVIATION SITDOWN strike discussed by I. F. Stone in two recent issues of *The Nation?* A resolution introduced by Senator Walsh, if adopted, would provide the answer, at least for members of the United States Senate. The resolution directs the Secretary of War to submit a report to an executive session of the Senate giving the actual number of useful combat planes on hand and on order and the probable date when those on order will be completed. It is time the nation's lawmakers had the facts about the aviation situation. C. E. Allen, Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune,* revealed in a dispatch dated August 24 that the United States today actually has eighty fewer combat planes than it had on the first of the year. For reasons of space *The Nation* has had to postpone publication of Mr. Stone's final article until next week. We note in the meantime that despite optimistic headlines the sitdown strike is not yet over. A new plan has been put forward by the Defense Commission and approved by the Comptroller General which would give the plane companies even more protection than the pending five-year amortization legislation. The government would obligate itself to pay the cost of additional facilities over the life of any contract for planes, whether five years or shorter, and the company would have the option of taking over the additional facilities from the government for "fair value," which would be the estimated earning power irrespective of cost. No more riskless contract could be drawn.

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THE POLL TAKEN BY *EDITOR AND PUBLISHER* is bad news for Wendell Willkie. It shows that the nation's newspapers are even more strongly for Willkie than they were for Landon or Hoover; 683 papers are for Willkie today as compared with 623 for Landon in 1936 and 537 for Hoover in 1932. Democratic newspaper number only 208 today as against 356 in 1936 and 399 in 1932. In those years the press proved to be an excellent barometer of what the ordinary people of the country were not thinking, and our guess is that this will be as true in 1940 as it was in 1936 and in 1932. So far Willkie has yet to strike "pay dirt" in the campaign. His unproved charge that WPA rolls are being padded will hardly win the votes of those still being laid off. His proposal for a Secretary of Aviation is good, probably sound, but too minor to stir the apathetic bleachers. College presidents, a class sensitive to the wishes of those whence endowments flow, continue to swing to Willkie, and undoubtedly he will carry Nicholas Murray Butler, no light load. Willkie's first misstep in his attempt to carry water on both shoulders is a message to the A. F. of L. upholding the "constitutional right" of every worker to

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belong *or not to belong* to a labor union. This is the old N. A. M. open-shop line, and it will help him only where he needs no help.

*

THE EXTENT TO WHICH JAPAN HAS FALLEN into the hands of extremist elements is dramatized by the shake-up in the Japanese diplomatic service involving forty high-ranking officials. Although the names of the men who are to replace these diplomats have not been announced, the suggestion of Aikawa for ambassador to the United States indicates that old-line diplomats are being shelved for active fascists. As the leader of Japan's emerging heavy industry Aikawa has been more responsible than any other one man for bringing business and financial groups into line behind the program of the army extremists. He has also been active in trying to ease Japan's foreign-exchange crisis by enlisting American capital in the development of Japanese industry in Manchoukuo. Although the shake-up appears to be primarily an effort to eliminate moderates from the Japanese governmental apparatus, it may also reflect discontent with the continued weakness of Japanese diplomacy. Japan's failure to take over Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies is attributed by Hallett Abend to a veto by Hitler to further Japanese expansion. According to this theory, Japan missed the boat in not entering the war last spring; its participation is now not required. An alternative explanation for Tokyo's passivity is that Japan is too weak to risk a conflict with the United States.

*

OIL IS AGAIN THREATENING TO UPSET American-Mexican relations at a time when they were definitely improving. The expulsion of Arthur Dietrich, press attaché of the German legation in Mexico, has been followed by the suspension of two Nazi propaganda weeklies in that country. Lombardo Toledano and the C. T. M. daily *El Popular* have become pro-United States and anti-Nazi. But Standard Oil and the Anglo-Dutch interests are now squaring off for a new battle. Two experts appointed by a Mexican court have brought in estimates of $34,500,000 (for the government) and $36,000,000 (for the companies) as the value of Standard Oil and Anglo-Dutch properties in Mexico. Standard Oil protests that it had no part in picking the expert representing its interests, and in view of his moderate estimate this may well be believed. The valuations are for property above ground. The companies insist that Mexico also buy their subsoil petroleum rights, although the 1917 constitution, and Spanish law before it, vested subsoil rights in the state. Our oil companies have made millions out of Mexico already, and we hope the State Department will not be so unwise as to endanger relations with all Latin America by trying to force Mexico to recognize Standard Oil and Anglo-Dutch claims.

ONLY WHEN A BAR ASSOCIATION BITES AN administrative agency do our great newspapers consider it news. Virtually the entire press ignored the report on the Securities Act prepared by a special committee of the American Bar Association for the annual meeting in September. Had the committee drawn the usual picture of security markets frozen into inactivity by fear of regulatory restrictions, one may be sure that its report would have been all over page one. But some of the committee's principal findings are hardly in accord with the picture Wall Street chooses to foster. Particularly embarrassing to the financial community was the verdict—"the fears seem ill founded"—which the committee passed on the biggest of all the SEC bogies. This is the civil liability imposed by the Securities Act on sellers of securities for false or misleading information. The committee points to the negligible "number of civil suits" brought under the act since its passage, compares this with the "flood of suits" expected by foes of the act, and says it "sees no special need for relaxing the civil-liability provisions." The committee does find that these provisions may constitute a "psychological" factor holding up flotation of securities. The pending Brown bill revising the Securities Act would remove that "psychological" factor—but by amending the law so drastically as to convert it from a "truth-in-securities" act to one that would again allow sellers of securities to lie with impunity.

*

THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT OF Appeals in Boston seems to share our low opinion of the Smith committee. Congressman Howard Smith has been making speeches before business men's groups in which he cites the Waumbec case as a horrible example of NLRB radicalism and hostility to business. The Circuit Court in Boston, however, has just upheld the NLRB's decision in the Waumbec case and issued an enforcement order. The Waumbec Mills of Manchester, New Hampshire, are required by the decision to pay back wages to Alphonse Chartier and Edward G. Geoffrion and to give them jobs as soon as jobs are available. Chartier and Geoffrion had been blacklisted as union leaders. "If employers," the Circuit Court said, "are free to pursue a policy of blacklisting applicants with labor-union records, then the other prohibitions of the labor act are of little worth." We feel certain that the Supreme Court, if there is an appeal, will agree. The blacklist has been one of the worst instruments of labor oppression in this country, and all the safeguards of the Wagner Act would be circumvented if the courts interpreted it to mean that an employer could still refuse to give a man a job solely because he was known as active in a labor organization. "Freedom" to blacklist is just about as socially justifiable as "freedom" to slander or steal.

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In Defense of Refugees

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

I HOPE Ambassador Bullitt will answer, in these pages or elsewhere, the Open Letter on page 167 of this issue. The handling of the whole refugee problem in the United States depends upon the facts in dispute. If it can be proved that "more than one-half the spies captured doing actual military spy work against the French army were refugees from Germany," the United States will be forced to restrict much more rigidly than at present the admission of aliens from Germany and the other Nazi-dominated countries. If the statement is incorrect, as Heinz Pol insists, it should be retracted and every effort made to undo the harm it has already done the victims of Hitler's terror.

Mr. Pol discusses the situation as he knew it in France. In the paragraphs that follow I want to report on England's experience as revealed in the British press, the debates in Parliament, and the reports of newly landed arrivals from that country. The two pictures dovetail and taken together seem to refute completely the charge made by Mr. Bullitt.

When the war started, Britain sheltered some hundred thousand refugees from Austria, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Spain. All of them had gone through a series of searching examinations: at the British consulate which granted the visa in the first place, in Britain at the hands of the immigration authorities, and later by tribunals specially appointed to examine each case and to divide the refugees into categories according to their records. Those placed in category C were considered politically above suspicion and were exempted from almost all limitations on freedom of movement or work.

Soon after war broke out, however, the more sensational newspapers began a systematic campaign to "intern the lot," ignoring, as similar organs do in this country, the obvious fact that the refugees were by their very nature enemies of Hitler, many of them bearing on their bodies the scars of physical torture and in their hearts a deadly hatred of the Nazi regime. After the collapse of Holland and Belgium, the clamor for internment became more and more insistent, and presently the careful discriminations provided for at the start of the war were abandoned. General internment was begun. Elderly professors whose career had been an open book for decades, eminent doctors, prominent anti-Nazi writers and editors, even children in schools who had come from Germany almost as babies—all alike were swept into internment camps or into prisons. Many of the camps lacked provisions for sanitation and decent shelter. Parents were taken from children, who were in many cases left to fend for themselves; wives were separated from husbands, elderly invalids were suddenly arrested and dumped into empty factories without beds or mattresses and compelled for weeks to sleep with a blanket or two on bare boards or concrete floors; the interned were cut off from all communication with relatives or friends, not allowed to receive or send letters, not allowed to see a newspaper or get any news from the outside world. Worse followed. Deportations to overseas territories began and were carried out on the same indiscriminate basis. In some cases cited in Parliament persons were shipped off to Canada or Australia with no chance even to notify members of their families.

But in spite of this record of brutal and stupid repression, Britain is not Germany. When the facts became known, the refugee problem was thrashed out in Parliament, and the responsible government officials were called on the carpet. The idiocy of persecuting men and women who wanted only a chance to help in the struggle against Hitler was pointed out by representatives of all parties—particularly by the Laborites. The press has experienced a similar reaction. For a long time the Beaverbrook papers took the lead in alien-baiting, but lately a complete and astonishing change has taken place. A recent leading article in the *Evening Standard* concludes a bitter attack on the government's policy with these words:

> It is worse than folly. It is sabotage against our war effort. It is a damnable crime against the good name of England. We want to know: Who is responsible? When will it stop? Members of Parliament who love England will make it their business to find out. And until full amends are made for this outrage we would prefer Lord Halifax to spare us his homilies on "the meaning of freedom."

Not once in this whole controversy, in the press or in Parliament, has a spokesman for the government claimed that the policy of indiscriminate internment was justified by the behavior of the refugees themselves. On the contrary. The Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, which with the War Office is jointly responsible for the handling of refugees, stated flatly in the House that "apart from one or two petty, isolated instances, such as the undergraduate, Mr. Solf, who photographed a burning aeroplane, and one or two blackout offenses, there have been no serious cases of acts hostile to the state which can be attributed to these people." The internment policy he excused on grounds of general precaution, popular clamor, fear of attack on the part of refugees themselves, and, most conclusively, the demand of the War Office that all aliens be cleared out of the coastal belt in the south and southeast of England. His long and apologetic explanation was more an indictment than a justification of the government's policy. Recently as the result of public demand the regulations have been relaxed and conditions in the camps improved.

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Some interned persons have been released and certain professional and age groups exempted. But the agitation for a genuine change of policy is still going on.

England's mistakes and its painful efforts to rectify them should be studied in this country. We are not yet officially at war, though every day makes the probability of involvement seem more likely. We can use this period to develop a policy based on experience rather than panic. Our treatment of friendly aliens in the months to come will provide a revealing test of our democracy.

Hitler knows this. In every country his agents have done their best to stir hatred and fear of refugees. (Listen to Joe McWilliams any evening up in Yorkville in New York.) Anti-alien feeling is a hall-mark of reaction, a basic plank in the platform of every fascist group. Even the German and Italian and Irish fascists in this country advocate an anti-alienism which excepts only such 100-per-cent loyal, Gentile, American groups as themselves. They hate the refugees for the simple reason that the refugees form a solid focus of anti-fascist opinion; they hate them because they represent the hope of a future democratic renaissance in Europe; they hate them because they escaped the fate to which fascism has condemned freedom-loving men and women. Those in every country who seek to shut out or shut up the refugees incur themselves the suspicion of fascist sympathy.

A Year of War

IN THE early morning hours of September 1, 1939, the powerful army of Adolf Hitler launched its first *Blitzkrieg*—the invasion of Poland. Two days later, Germany having refused to withdraw its forces, Great Britain and France declared war on the Third Reich. Although a year ago many persons predicted a long and difficult war, there were few indeed—none publicly—who anticipated the catastrophic events that followed.

Poland was obliterated in even less time than was expected, although today its resistance seems remarkable when compared to that of France. Then ensued that strange interlude, now almost forgotten, when observers quarreled as to whether the war was real or a "fake." There was a succession of peace "scares," but except for Hitler's Reichstag speech of October 6, no open peace offers were made by either side. For more than six months, from late September until April 9, life in the belligerent countries differed little from peace-time existence except that the armies were fully mobilized and that each side was doing all it could to interfere with the trade of the other.

Although virtually no military action took place during this long interval, it was a period of intense and, as it seems in retrospect, largely futile diplomatic activity. Convinced that the deadlock along the western front was unbreakable, active groups within England and France began urging the democracies to seek an alternative front. Plans were made to send Allied military assistance to Finland. The collapse of Finland ended these plans; then, suddenly, while the Allied press and public were still discussing the responsibility for the Finnish fiasco, a new front was provided by the Nazi invasion of Denmark and Norway on April 9. From that moment, the war was on in earnest.

During the next three months the Allies reaped the full consequences of the years of appeasement and procrastination under Chamberlain and Daladier. Their weakness was incredible. No effective counter-measures had been devised to meet the rapidly unfolding German offensive. Denmark was occupied in a few hours. Despite its command of the seas, Britain allowed Germany to land enough troops in Norway to subjugate that country in three weeks. Then, with strong naval and air bases in the north securely in its hand, Germany on May 10 launched its major *Blitzkrieg* through the Netherlands and Belgium. Chamberlain was quickly hustled off the scene, and Churchill took over the British government—months too late. It is fair to say that until the day Churchill took over, Britain had not really entered the war. It had scarcely a million men under arms and less than half that number ready for action. Its vast industry had been only partially mobilized, and war purchases in this country had lagged inexcusably. France under Daladier had done little better. The French defense industries had fallen far behind any reasonable program of production. Traitors held high rank in the army and occupied strategic civilian posts.

The events which followed are so recent and so deeply burned into our consciousness that it is unnecessary to recall them in detail. Dutch resistance lasted but four days; Belgium capitulated in less than three weeks, sealing the fate of the French and British armies which had come to its assistance. Weakened by the disaster to its left wing, the main French army put up feeble resistance against the great German offensive launched on June 5. Twelve days later, with half the country in German hands, France sued for peace.

In contrast to the terrible weeks of late May and June, the past two months have been encouraging to the democratic cause. Except for the loss of British Somaliland to Mussolini, who entered the war when the collapse of France was assured, no further territory has fallen into enemy hands. Under Churchill, Britain has developed a formidable army of at least three million men prepared to resist invasion. British industries have at last been put on a war footing, and British airplane production is approximately that of Germany. Furthermore, every month now sees a material increase in the flow of vital supplies from the United States to Britain.

It need hardly be added that the first year of the

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European war has had a tremendous effect on life and thought in the United States. For the first seven or eight months an Allied victory was taken for granted. While many persons thought that the United States might ultimately become involved as it was in 1917, no one foresaw an immediate threat to our shores such as that outlined by Charles Malcolmson in this issue of *The Nation*. The threat may not be so great as Mr. Malcolmson's informants suggest, but it is real enough to have spurred the Administration to unprecedented activity. Our outlay for defense in the past few weeks staggers the American imagination, and it may prove to be just a beginning. The Havana conference, the agreement with Canada, and the current negotiations for the leasing of air and sea bases in British possessions have been carried out with extraordinary haste. Although isolationists are still vociferous, the widespread approval given to the proposed sale of over-age American destroyers to Britain reflects a striking change in American public opinion. Since the collapse of France many Americans have come to recognize that our fate as a nation is closely tied with that of Britain. This conviction will doubtless deepen in the opening weeks of the war's second year.

Leon Trotsky

WITH the death of Leon Trotsky at the hands of an assassin in Mexico City the bitterest feud of our generation has been liquidated in the physical sense. The Stalin-Trotsky feud was personal, but it was also a struggle between two types of men and of thought, between the international revolutionary and the national politician, between the idealistic intellectual and the practical anti-intellectual bent on personal power. The stake was control of the October Revolution both inside and outside Russia.

Trotsky was the archetype of the revolutionary—brilliant, impersonal, almost cold, and his character explains his failures as well as his successes. When the revolutionary tide was at its flood, he functioned even more perfectly than Lenin, and his organization and leadership of the Red Army won the victory for Bolshevism. But he lost the succession which Lenin obviously hoped for because he failed to mobilize the support that would have defeated Stalin. Observers on the scene at the time testify that his following was tremendous—and that he was "above the battle." Fundamentally, he had no interest in power as personal prerogative but only as a revolutionary tool. The kind of fighting necessary to defeat a man obsessed with personal power was alien to Trotsky's temperament, his abilities, and his interest.

The much-argued question whether under Trotsky the course of events in Soviet Russia would have been basically different is almost irrelevant, for his own character and the forces at work inside and outside Russia seem in retrospect to have ruled out his ascendancy for any length of time. But his brilliance as an administrator might have mitigated the cruelties of the Soviet regime in so far as they have been due to hopelessly inefficient administration of a backward country. Faced with the insoluble contradictions of the Russian "experiment" Trotsky would certainly have resorted to opportunism, ruthlessness, and rationalization, as Lenin did, but his preoccupation with the "verdict of history" and with his own role as revolutionary hero might have prevented the complete moral and intellectual degradation of the socialist ideal which reached its nadir in the treason trials and the Nazi-Soviet pact and which stands as Stalin's greatest crime.

As a leader of the first "proletarian" revolution and as the brilliant historian of that event, Trotsky held the interest and admiration of many people; but his political following at his death was infinitesimal. He himself had come to seem remote, like a figure in an old tragedy. Though he waged unceasing war on Stalin, he defended the Soviet Union to the end, even the indefensible conquest of Finland; but he was, in reality, defending his own past.

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Washington Expects War

BY CHARLES MALCOLMSON

Washington, August 26

IT IS a safe bet that the whole matter of peace-time military conscription in the United States would have been settled, one way or the other, months ago had the President, Congressional leaders, and army and navy experts taken the American people completely into their confidence. I should add, however, that had they done so, they would either have been accused of trying to scare the country out of its wits at a time when national clear-thinking was essential or they would have been laughed out of public confidence.

Today, with the collapse of France a ghastly reality, with Britain cornered and fighting for its life, and with the Americas menaced by fifth columns, trained military observers in Washington are no longer afraid of being laughed at. When they meet you now at the War College or at the Army-Navy Club or in the corner of a Congressional committee room, they tell you quite frankly that Britain is doomed, American destroyers or no American destroyers, and that the Western Hemisphere is "next"—probably in the spring of 1941—on the Nazi war agenda. You find yourself—at least I do—alternately laughing and feeling your hair stand on end as students of contemporary military history calmly lay out a blueprint of what they believe is going to happen in the next twelve months.

Military men are no closer to unanimity of opinion than politicians, but here is the blueprint of the immediate future that is finding more and more support among American officers and observers:

Britain is licked, though with British doggedness it is playing out its hand to the end. The month of September will see the end of effective military opposition in the British Isles. The final Nazi *Blitzkrieg* will take the form of a gigantic spearhead attack from the sea and the sky. While diversions are made from Norwegian and Danish bases, the main assault will be launched somewhere along the southern English coast. Barges, lighters, and similar craft will advance through a series of sea lanes, protected on each side by hundreds of swift mosquito boats and light vessels, overhead by masses of planes on a scale dwarfing recent air raids. The attack will be further protected by a heavy curtain of fire from long-range cannon on the French coast. (Artillery experts say the heavy guns of the Maginot Line probably will *not* be a factor, as their removal would take months and their range is doubtful.) The barges and lighters will carry fully equipped *Panzer* divisions, including heavy tanks, whose job will be to establish a bridgehead.

Admittedly, effecting a landing on a heavily defended enemy coast is the most difficult of all military operations; and yet American observers express little doubt that it can be done. Once established, a bridgehead is comparatively easy to maintain over so narrow a water barrier as the Channel, and successive waves of the same mechanized forces that crushed France will follow the first assault.

The British have stated that the fifty reconditioned American destroyers they have asked for will be a "crucial" factor in the defense, but many American experts believe the destroyer sale cannot affect the outcome. This opinion is largely confirmed by reports from the American military mission in England, which indicate that the Nazis have sunk or disabled far more English craft than the defenders dare admit.

The rest of the blueprint is even more discouraging. But since it assumes immobilization of the English fleet after the conquest of Britain—immobilization because technical difficulties would prevent German use of British ships even were they at the Germans' disposal—it is more open to skepticism than other parts of the forecast. With the British fleet largely or wholly tied up, the Nazis would have at their disposal the greatest armada in the history of the world—German, Italian, and French units supported by the merchant marines of Holland, Norway, and other occupied countries. This armada, some American observers assert flatly, would make actual invasion of the Western Hemisphere in the spring of 1941 not only possible but probable. On the blueprint Brazil is the spot for the establishment of a Nazi bridgehead.

It is, of course, an open military secret in Washington that army and navy officials have for months been worried about the defense of South America and frankly fear fifth-column treachery there. Army officials point out, for example, that until Italy "officially" entered the war, millions of dollars' worth of armament were sold by Germany to Brazil and other South American governments and shipped in Italian and Greek vessels. Perhaps the most amazing feature of this war trade is that the British, checking all manifests at Gibraltar, permitted the arms to go through. Presumably they took the position that each shipload of guns to South America left that much less at the disposal of Hitler, while confiscation would precipitate Italy's entrance into the war.

Nazi invasion of the Americas, as envisioned by the

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same observers, is also conditioned upon the absence of most of the United States fleet in the Pacific, where it too could be "immobilized" for weeks by the simple expedient of dropping bombs on the Panama Canal. This would tie up the Canal for at least three months and force the American fleet to sail around the Horn—weeks of delay that in a timed invasion could be fatal. Under such conditions a bridgehead could easily be established in South America and maintained there.

Needless to add, not all army and navy experts agree with this blueprint, though most of them concede it is technically possible. Of course, military talk should be taken with large doses of skepticism. Defense or attack must be mapped to meet all possibilities, which thereupon become actualities. "Could" and "will" are frequently interchangeable in the conversation of even conservative observers. Then, too, army and navy officials usually "talk tough" when promoting military objectives —in this case, conscription and an accelerated national defense program.

It would be easier to disregard this blueprint if there were not two disturbing factors. The first and most important is the unmistakable undercurrent of "appeasement" in the talk of some American military men. "We can't cope with Hitler if he really comes after us," is the way they put it, "so what we need is somebody who can deal with him." That, of course, is fifth-columning with a vengeance. The other factor is more personal. Almost a full year ago, in September, 1939, a brilliant young army strategist outlined to me the "probable course" of the European war. Today that prophecy reads like a military history of the past eleven months. With one single exception—the Finnish war—he called the turn, month by month, on the whole conflict. That officer died a few weeks ago, but before his death he laid out, with other experts, the blueprint I have just described.

Spies Among Refugees?

AN OPEN LETTER TO AMBASSADOR BULLITT

BY HEINZ POL

DEAR MR. BULLITT: Your recent speech at Philadelphia, which was devoted in large part to the conditions underlying the collapse of France, contained the following startling passage:

> The French had been more hospitable than are even we Americans to refugees from Germany. More than one-half the spies captured doing actual military spy work against the French army were refugees from Germany. Do you believe that there are no Nazi and Communist agents of this sort in America?

You did not, however, present any evidence to support this extremely grave charge against the Germans who had sought sanctuary in France. As a German refugee who lived in France from January, 1936, until just before the collapse, I emphatically declare that your assertion is unjustified.

Hitler's method of undermining the country he intends to attack is based on an extremely simple principle —to proceed openly. He has acted on the assumption that people are most easily duped by frankness and to a considerable extent owes his success to the fact that his announcements, including his plan to conquer other nations with the help of fifth columns, were nowhere taken seriously. Accordingly, in France the refugees who were sincere in their hatred of Hitler were more often suspected than persons like M. Abetz, who in his official capacity as "transmitter of German culture" proselytized for Hitler in the salons and literary circles of Paris and openly organized French sympathizers.

Shortly before the war broke out, the Austrian banker Hirsch was arrested in Paris together with a number of French accomplices, and in the spring of 1940 a military court sentenced him to ten years' hard labor. He had succeeded in bribing part of the French press to follow a pro-Nazi policy, and with the help of a French stenographer who worked in the Chamber of Deputies, had been able to acquaint the Nazis with what was said and done in the secret sessions of the government and of the military commission of the Chamber. Although of Jewish origin, Hirsch had not acted the role of refugee. On the contrary, he had begun by denouncing to the police several refugees who mistrusted him, partly to cover himself, partly to get rid of dangerous observers. For a long time many Frenchmen, among them enthusiastic and sincere nationalists, believed him to be absolutely irreproachable. He was quite willing to recognize certain weaknesses of the "new Germany," to deplore "exaggerations" of the anti-Semitic policy; and if any one objected too strenuously to Nazi methods, his reply was, "I hope you do not mix with that refugee rabble. They only give you wrong ideas." Later, the French government and press called Hirsch and his accomplices the most dangerous fifth columnists. One of his chief deputies was the Countess von Einem, who fled to Ger-

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many in her private plane when she was about to be arrested. The German spy, Elisabeth Büttner, a former secretary of Streicher's, who acquired French citizenship through a pseudo-marriage, also belonged to this circle. Both women were good friends of Foreign Minister Bonnet and his wife, to whose house bona fide German refugees would hardly have been admitted.

It goes without saying that German citizens living in France were the backbone of the Nazi espionage system. They did not have to conceal their nationality, since the French authorities tolerated a "Brown House" in the very heart of Paris, where all pro-Nazis met. The accomplices of Abetz, many of whom were connected with the Gestapo, were mostly members of the German consulates in France or employees of German tourist agencies or export houses with offices in France. The German Chamber of Commerce in Paris, the official representative of all German firms doing business with France, concerned itself chiefly with industrial espionage. It did not, of course, employ any refugees.

Only after the outbreak of the war were these headquarters of the fifth column closed down. By that time the members of the Brown House and the German Chamber of Commerce had been able to escape with all important documents. But the German refugees, who time and again had published in their press the most damaging information on the activities of the Nazi agents in France, were taken to concentration camps.

From September, 1939, until May, 1940, I was in five different camps and kept in close contact with the inmates of practically all the other camps. I can truthfully say that I did not hear of a single German refugee who had been engaged in military espionage. I may add that their records were thoroughly examined by the French authorities on numerous occasions. The investigations were carried out by three different agencies—the police, the Ministry of the Interior, and the War Ministry. In addition, a Commission Interministérielle was created in Paris for the express purpose of examining the records of every German and Austrian refugee. And finally, the local authorities in the camps went through the records once more. Even informers were placed in the camps, and sometimes those who were released were shadowed. Some refugees were suspected of sympathizing with French political extremists, particularly with those on the extreme left, but no actual case of espionage could ever be traced back to them.

It is true that some of the military spies arrested in Paris, in the neighborhood of the Maginot Line, or in the big garrison towns of North Africa, tried to pass as harmless refugees. In all these cases the authorities were able to establish the falsity of their claims, very often through the aid of the refugee organizations. If in the period preceding the war any refugees were involved in cases of military espionage, the French authorities must have regarded them as isolated cases since they did not retaliate against other immigrants, as they undoubtedly would have done if there had been any large-scale activities of this kind. The dangerous Swiss spy, Carmen Mory, and two German accomplices who pretended to be refugees were arrested shortly before the outbreak of the war as the result of a denunciation by the former Socialist leader of the Saar region, Max Braun, who was living in Paris as a refugee. Braun has now probably been turned over to the Gestapo by the Vichy government. After the war started, German refugees could not possibly have participated in espionage activities since they were all in concentration camps. Nor were they ever accused of such activities by the French government.

Anyone concerned with the problem of combating the fifth column must realize that refugees cannot effectively be used as spies. In France especially they were engaged in a continual struggle to get their residence and working permits and in consequence watched each other far more vigilantly than would the most suspicious police agent. Moreover, few refugees speak the language of the country of asylum fluently enough to avoid being recognized as foreigners. They are labeled from the start.

The first to realize that the refugees were of no use in forming fifth columns were the Nazis themselves. The men they chose to serve them did not travel third class or sneak across the border. They were not forced to ask for aid from social agencies. They did not have to look for the cheapest rooms in town or stand in line in front of employment agencies. They were well-dressed men and women, provided with perfect German, Dutch, Belgian, Swiss, or French passports. They spoke French fluently, were familiar with the economic and social conditions of the country, and easily obtained the connections which they needed to carry out their orders. Part of their mission was to throw suspicion on the refugees. Unfortunately, the French police lent a willing ear to some of these denunciations. When Ribbentrop visited Paris to sign the Franco-German friendship pact, hundreds of refugees were arrested or expelled on the strength of lists compiled by German agents.

Yes, Mr. Bullitt, the so-called refugee-spy is a mythical character, and I am surprised that he should turn up in a speech which, otherwise, depicted the causes of France's collapse in such a clear-sighted manner, and drew such logical conclusions from it. I presume that the source of your information was close to Vichy. Such information should be used with great caution.

I am willing to believe, Mr. Bullitt, that you made your statement in good faith. But you must understand that such an assertion, in times like these, constitutes a grave danger to hundreds of innocent persons in this country and also to those brave anti-fascists who today still have hopes of escaping from France.

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American Inventory

BY WALDO FRANK

THE youth of America, in so far as it is aware of anything, smolders in a sullen quandary. It has received from us a schizoid world of rococo phrases and bloody facts. The words liberty, democracy still mean much, but the bloody facts are on the march against them. The young people, when they are not too confused for any judgment, oscillate between alternative responses. One is the isolationism of the Youth Congress—and of a majority in our colleges, farms, and garages—based upon the false assumption that American institutions can survive in a fascist world, or that socialism, by some miracle, will "capture" the fascist revolution when it is completed, or that the whole bloody business is hopeless anyway, so let's keep alive as long as possible. The other answer is that fifty thousand planes will solve all the problems.

There is no ground for faith in these alternatives. But there is plenty of ground for the lack of faith and insight of our young people. Education by radio, newspaper, movie, joy ride, and advertisement has made them spiritually, emotionally, intellectually, the worst-equipped of generations. Yet in so far as their intuitive powers have survived what their elders have "taught" them, they are beginning to feel truths. The civilization they have inherited, as distinct from the Christian culture they have vaguely heard about, does not deserve to be saved and is destroying itself. Fascism, they dimly feel, is the implement of this bitter justice, a kind of scavenger strength derived from the weakness and rottenness of the democracies. They see the result of 150 years of social thought and labor action: failure to solve even the simplest mechanical problems of security, of distribution—not to mention those of the good life. They know that when this war began, the men who took the lead to save the world from Hitler were the men who had helped Hitler grow; and a few see that the present knights of democracy, like Churchill and Roosevelt and Willkie, are archaic gentlemen behind whose rhetoric the business man still rules—with no evidence that the Hoovers, Chamberlains, and Bonnets who made us what we are can be efficiently superseded save by disciples of the Nazis, who, at least, are in tune with the pagan machines that command them. And they feel somehow, these young people of America, that the destruction is of the essence of the machine jungle-life which here also in the United States is worshiped. Military pomp with slavery underneath, the law of fascism: is it not also, they ask, the logic of our own duco-finish culture? If Mr. Weir or Mr. Ford spoke their true word, would it sound like Abraham Lincoln or a polite English version of Goebbels? Of course, the upper class loves the big words—justice, free speech—under whose cover they have made big money. But the girl who cannot afford to bear the child of her lover, the middle-aged man with no job, the young man with a racking one that has half unsexed him before he is thirty, the child spending the summer in a city slum—the 90 per cent of the U. S. A. who have never seen *Fortune* and cannot afford *Life* hear the golden phrases from a distance.

This knowledge of our youth makes mistakes. Because our democracy has thus far failed even to interest the people in the real problems of a good life, youth lumps imperialist Britain and capitalist America, where the great tradition of human dignity has at least not been openly revoked, with German and Italian fascism, in which slavery is exalted. It pretends to see no difference between the curable disease of our imperfect system and that Bubonic fever. Nevertheless, we shall be continuing the mistake of France and Britain if we attempt to mobilize our human forces for freedom through slogans about freedom that are belied by the facts. This is no mere war between nations; this is a war between ways of life in which the leaders of the democracies have been closer to their foes than to the needs of their own peoples. This is a war in which only the enemy has drawn the lines straight—whence his inestimable advantage. The fascists have known what they wanted.

Of course, the Americans who say, "It makes no difference who wins," are dangerously wrong. Even if fascism has sprung, like a virulent disease, from the chronic disorders, spiritual, intellectual, and only lastly economic, of our system, that disease must be stopped lest it destroy not merely our system—which is doomed—but the values of human life which persist despite the system. And of course the Communists are wrong—criminally, because they are dishonest—who dream that they are going to "take over" a fascist world bludgeoned into insensibility by a monopoly of violence such as no tyrant of the past ever conceived. But our first move, if we wish to clear ourselves from the tragic cycle of Europe, is to understand what is right in the reluctance and confusion of our youth; to see what is betraying them today as their brothers in the Weimar Republic and in the France of Blum and Daladier and in Ramsay MacDonald's England were betrayed. If we allow the latent sense of betrayal, of social treachery, to persist in

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our land, a thousand times fifty thousand planes and a hundred J. Edgar Hoovers on the hunt for fifth columns won't help us.

Now let us look at certain immediate factual alternatives in Europe and their results here:

A. Britain, having set its house in order too late, through its social legislation, will be forced to capitulate or to come to terms with Hitler; in which case the United States, alone or with the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations and the confused, disaffected states of America Hispana, must live in a fascist world. Either we must fight this hostile world openly or appease it.

B. Assured of our continued help and aroused at the eleventh hour to the need of bridging the abyss between its slogans and its social lies, Britain may fight on; in which case eventually we shall join the war: far-flung allies doing as much service to the cause of democracy as the contradictions of our capitalism and a colonial imperialism can manage.

Either way, we arm—to the tune of big business. Either way, we fight German, and Japanese, fascism, because it is a threat to our markets, Latin America, our system of capitalist democracy; and meanwhile at home fascism will gain friends. Nothing succeeds like success, particularly a success of "efficiency," which will be felt by more and more of our people to be a logical conclusion of our reigning values. Nor will the propaganda of success fail to win millions of our uneasy young men and women who have been trained to seek the easy short-cuts to comfort, who have been instructed by school and life neither to think nor to feel deeply, whose intuitions and sensibilities are starved, and who have lost the vital discipline, the sense of sacrifice and destiny, which alone give organic meaning to our heritage of freedom.

Whether it is war or merely armament on a huge scale to serve as a bargaining point with fascist Europe (the Republicans' unacknowledged dream), regimentation is upon us. Under any machine economy, collectivism is certain. Only the principle of human freedom, positing a strongly knit community of mature persons, can modulate collectivism away from its natural result—some form of fascism—into a true socialism. All the socialist programs of the past hundred years have failed because they were based upon doctrines which understood the nature neither of man nor of human freedom. To fathom the implications of the philosophy of our radical and liberal movements is to understand the opportunism of British Labor, the cowardice of the Social Democracies, the stupid psychology of the Communists, and the inevitable swerves from left to right of so many labor leaders. No powerful group in American trade unionism, American politics, American religion, has revealed the slightest superiority over Western Europe in its sense of what man is and what human freedom means; therefore we may put it down as a first sure thing: *our collectivism will also move toward regimentation.* It will be led by big business and bureaucracy; and labor will fall in, for the simple reason that labor lives by the same standards.

A second sure thing: while the witch hunt for fifth columns goes merrily, savagely on, our real fifth column will prosper on the fears by which it poisons the public. The smart business men of America, now solid behind Mr. Willkie, have known for years that an ultimate phase of capitalism might mean some form of fascism. They dislike Hitler's manners and his crotchety ideas about "international Jewish bankers." They may even decide to fight him, as did the more intelligent British Tories, like Churchill, years ago. But every big business man today must be a reactionary if he believes in himself, and hence either a friend or a rival of the men behind Hitler.

Big business is fifth column in the United States because it knows that some form of fascism will best accommodate collectivism to its own uses. Small business will follow because it adores strong men and success, and because it hates labor. The supine and corrupt forces in American labor will knuckle under, because our shallow doctrines of social reform, our shallow rationalized theories of man, have not nurtured it with the devotions for which men nobly die. Here, then—unless fascist Europe explodes within a year and before it can get settled—is a certainty: the steady infiltration of fascist trends in every economic class, in every stratum of our institutions, *which are already on the defensive.*

A third sure thing: we won't give up America Hispana without a struggle; and the southern republics, economically and politically undeveloped, will not be able to confederate among themselves in time to meet us in this crisis as that strong, integrated unit which alone can make a reality of Pan-America—the dream of Bolivar. Rationalized as Western Hemisphere defense, dollar diplomacy will again rear its ugly head. While we force down our labor standards to compete with Europe in the southern markets, we shall again resort to loans—perhaps to marines, if need be.

Another sure thing: we may expect a shrinkage and famine of all the fragile minority actions of our spirit. The dominant cultural strains of the past decades, corrupted by the prostrate pragmatism of Professor Dewey and by the empirical rationalism of all our liberal schools, have been militant against the creative American mind; nevertheless, its work has spread in a thousand humble places. One has but to name the "leading" writers of the twenties and thirties—adolescent minds with no intellectual discipline, from Cabell, Lewis, Mencken to Hemingway, Wolfe, and Hicks—to understand the thinness and disarray of our cultural life;

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nevertheless, we have produced poets and artists. The disarray will now become a rout. Authors of books that do not measure down to the flimsy mediocrity alone visible to our average reviewers will find their works less publishable; composers, painters, creators in pure science will learn that money is an absent-minded patron. Creative schools will discover that education, as distinct from "useful instruction," is a luxury in a land where $100,000,000 battleships are a necessity. Churches in which the spirit of Jesus is at home will struggle less hopefully against unendowed pews. In a thousand places, in a hundred forms, the aesthetic, educational, scientific, religious forces of American life have survived; have even fitfully multiplied in the loose interstices of an easeful capitalist system. Now, as that system contracts and convulses, their trend will be *toward the catacombs.*

And there, at last, they may meet—artist, poet, social philosopher, and religious thinker—and come to know and nourish one another. In this threat there is the clue of a hope. As our world dies, perhaps our cultural life will find in its new trial a new passion and depth, and that knowledge of human tragedy which is the fire of creation.

I have drawn a gloomy picture? It is fact. This is a world revolution; and *until a new force transfigures it, it will continue to be a revolution downward.* It is a revolution downward because the entire proud modern period has been a period of transition which failed to generate the valid ethos with which man could go *forward* into the mature world of integrated industrial democracy that the machine and our tradition of man's high destiny make compulsory. This is a revolution of inertia, of reaction, because these are the sole alternatives to what 150 years of liberal and radical thought have not effected: a program for the organic revolution into maturity. The problem is how to *revolutionize the revolution.*

Here in the United States these words have meaning. They have no meaning at the moment in prostrate Germany, Italy, Spain, France. But they have meaning here only if we remake in modern terms the belief in human freedom; if we believe, as our forefathers believed, that man can transfigure his somatic conditions and his life through an eternal principle within him. I cannot here go into the meaning of human freedom; that would lead to metaphysics and religion—subjects for which there is small space in our magazines. The reader who will honor me with the *pro tem* assumption that I am not merely "talking" must go to my books. Here, I can say only this: human freedom means two forms of action, personal and social. The personal form will bring revolution in our emotional, aesthetic, and religious attitudes; the social form will bring social revolution: specifically, while we rearm to go to war, it will mean that we not only preserve but broaden our civil liberties *at whatever risk,* throw out our big-business politics, begin to institute that economic justice with which the *capitalist system cannot coexist.* But the point is that we cannot go toward these social ends directly unless we accept a meaning of human freedom which all our liberal and empirical creeds deny—a sense of the nature of man which must revolutionize our aesthetic and religious values. Otherwise we shall merely repeat the errors of the shallow eighteenth and the complacent nineteenth century, whose harvest is visible in Europe.

You may say: "Give us a practical program. France, having betrayed Spain's republic, has fallen below Spain. Hitler defiles Paris. Britain, our sole bastion beyond the seas, fights alone. Give us a practical program." If by that you mean an immediate solution, go to the demagogues. There are certain steps we can take, and must, unless we intend to emulate the fatal pre-war half-measures of France and Britain. We should declare a state of national emergency, help Britain till it hurts, clear out every German-consulate spy nest in the land by severing relations, conscript industry (which means getting rid of the Knudsens), and *only then* draft an army, which as a normal peace measure is a shame and a danger. But all these do not constitute a practical program for a solution; these are mere rudimentary gestures toward sanity. The one practical program for us Americans today is to forgo pragmatic conclusions. The price of human freedom is to give up the certainty of life itself. The price of our high destiny as man is to be humble before the dark we have created—which, by our humility, may become creative.

Magic, said the Hindus, is a change of attitude. With a changed attitude toward our destiny as men and as Americans in this hour which fate gives us, something like "magic" may occur. We may arm, we may go to war. These acts will surely miscarry if we fear *pari passu* to arm the people against their economic and—worse—their psychological exploitation; against our own Nazis, the exploiters in high places who mouth patriotism to play upon our fears, and their servants in the colleges, in the columns, in the arts, who continue to preach the sanctity and the sole good of "comfort." We must fight, not thinking ourselves a whit better than the Germans—this was the lie which rotted the intelligence of France and Britain, whose youth sullenly knew better—but in detached awareness of the ignobility of our civilization, of the filth under our slick culture, of *our* guilt in creating what we fight, and of our greatness because of the God that is in us.

I do not know how this changed attitude will enact its magic in American life. But this is sure: nothing less radical can swerve the present disastrous trend of the United States toward humiliation, not identical but analogous with that of Europe. The fascists have drawn

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the line clearly on three fronts: they war against economic justice, against political democracy, against human dignity. Their success is due to their thorough unity and to the regressive passion *in all men* to sink backward into the slime and the shadows. What we must do is to draw our line with equal clarity on the three fronts. We must fight political fascism, which means war to the hilt on Hitler. We must fight the stratified injustice of capitalism, which means social revolution. And we must recognize what most radicals and liberals ignore: that subsuming the two fronts is the third front—the upholding of the sanctity of man, the channeling of the religious energy of human growth into new democratic forms, against the dark pulls downward into infantilism which the fascists have exploited. *We can fight the totalitarian war against man only with a total war for man.*

This is sure: such a changed attitude is its own reward. If it is real enough among us, it will spread. It will kindle the trade unions and the churches, joining them at last together. It will awake response in the sodden cliques of politicians whom we have permitted too long to forget that politics which is not rooted in the intuitive and religious ethos of the folk is bad politics. It will rouse equal fires in America Hispana. If the folk of France and Britain had experienced such a change of attitude any time from 1920 to 1939, there would be no triumphant Hitler. These great peoples have created worlds. Now it is our turn.

Murray of the C. I. O.

BY ROSE M. STEIN

VIEWS and interpretations of political differences within the C. I. O. follow two lines. One camp refuses to recognize the existence of any serious cleavage and continues to sing, "Lewis is our leader, we shall not be moved." The other keeps a sharp ear cocked in the direction of Philip Murray and expects the C. I. O.'s second in command to come out any day with a blast denouncing his chief and setting himself up in his place. Both views are mainly the product of wishful thinking. Differences do exist, but they are entirely political and have no bearing on the fundamental principles upon which the C. I. O. was built and now rests.

It is undeniable that John L. Lewis has suffered a setback in prestige. When he came out with his first statement against Roosevelt at the miners' convention in Columbus last January, his lieutenants were amazed and the C. I. O. rank and file refused to believe it. So great was the disbelief that various groups were concerned only with guessing what game of strategy their leader was playing. Their confidence received a severe jolt on April 1 when in an address to a group of miners in Monongah, West Virginia, Mr. Lewis advocated the formation of a third party with such groups as the Youth Congress and the Townsendites as its base. Had he advanced the idea of a third party years earlier, and had he left out groups with which workers in the heavy industries could feel little sympathy, the suggestion might have been received more warmly. At the United Mine Workers' convention in 1936, twenty-seven locals sent in resolutions urging the convention to support a Farmer-Labor Party, only four less than the number of locals asking for the support of President Roosevelt. In 1940, however, forty-seven locals urged support of the President for a third term and none petitioned for a third party. This action of the miners, as is now known, was an accurate barometer of prevailing C. I. O. sentiment.

Still more jolting than the Monongah speech was Lewis's appearance before Republican chieftains in Philadelphia. Yet even that speech might have been accepted as part of a strategy of bargaining had it not been accompanied by the backslapping reception given him by G. O. P. leaders and followed the next day by an address in the same city before the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in which Lewis exonerated Herbert Hoover of blame for the depression. These two incidents destroyed Lewis's hold on the C. I. O. rank and file so completely that it is hard to conceive of any set of circumstances which could restore it.

Most workers, especially those in the mass-production industries, regard former President Hoover and, to a slightly less extent, the Republican Party, as symbols of low wages, unemployment, depression, company unions and police, vigilante committees, and that whole aggregate of pressures embraced in the term anti-unionism. Both are inextricably associated with E. T. Weir's and Tom Girdler's labor policies. The Democratic Party, on the other hand, has become associated with liberation from industrial autocracy. Many workers are critical of the shortcomings of this Administration, but at the same time they consider fantastic any suggestion that they should desert it in favor of a political party which they are convinced has never had the interest of labor at heart.

The worker can be loyal and credulous far beyond the intellectual's capacity either to believe or understand. But once he is convinced that his loyalty and faith have been betrayed he cannot easily be won back. Millions of C. I. O. members, including those in Mr. Lewis's own United Mine Workers, feel that their chief has blundered in his political maneuvers and thereby compromised their best interest. They are not clear as to the reasons for his maneuvers, which are certainly complicated if not obscure, but they no longer seek excuses for him. One fact stands out clearly: Mr. Lewis has praised the man whom labor regards as its arch-enemy and has condemned the one who has been "the best friend labor ever had in the White House."

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The attitude of the leaders, from Philip Murray down, is quite different. They had no illusions that Mr. Lewis was attempting some mysterious strategy when he spoke at the Columbus convention. They knew he meant what he said, and they were profoundly disturbed. No one had been consulted. No explanations were given. Mr. Lewis simply made the speech and assumed that his dictum would be followed. Subsequent events have demonstrated that he was wrong. Without drumbeats or war whoops nearly all major C. I. O. unions have gone on record in support of the President. This action from those who now lead the C. I. O. should not have been a surprise. Lewis supported Hoover enthusiastically in 1928 and lukewarmly in 1932, whereas Philip Murray and lesser figures in the miners' union supported Al Smith in '28 and Roosevelt in '32. In those days, however, political differences in labor's ranks were barely noticed. Now that labor, within each major faction at any rate, functions largely as a unit, this cleavage assumes both national and organizational significance.

Nevertheless, no open break is in prospect. If Mr. Lewis decides to step down from the C. I. O. presidency, Philip Murray will be his logical successor. The office would fall to him not by default but because he has a large and enthusiastic following. Murray has a basic warmth and humanity of temperament to which persons both in and out of labor's ranks respond as they have never responded to Lewis. Murray is one of the boys, and if he has any personal ambition, it is overshadowed by his devotion and loyalty to the membership he represents. But if Lewis decides to run again he will be unopposed. Philip Murray will never run against him. Lewis and Murray have worked together more or less amicably for thirty years. They have always ironed out their many differences man to man, and there is every indication that they will continue to do so, for in the basic endeavor to build strong unions the two men see eye to eye.

The political cleavage within the C. I. O. has produced one very healthy result that has received little attention. One-man rule has been demolished. Lieutenants, sub-lieutenants, and the lowliest rank and filers know now that they may disagree with the boss and still be loyal unionists. That is a significant step in democratic unionism.

What political course Mr. Lewis will take between now and November is anyone's guess. The question, however, is of little importance. Labor will vote overwhelmingly Democratic. That fact liquidates Mr. Lewis as a political power in this campaign, and nothing can recover that power for him, not even the foolish stories about his role in nominating Henry Wallace for the vice-presidency. Incidentally, a taller story than this was never told, not even in political circles in a Presidential-election year.

In the Wind

A NEW high in Jim-Crow segregation was reached recently in Dania, Florida (near Miami). Bodies of Negroes buried in the Dania cemetery were dug up—with due legal formality—and carefully transported to a new cemetery reserved for Negroes.

DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN headquarters are preparing to flood the country with thousands of copies of a vitriolic document attacking Willkie's record, especially his utilities record. Its author is Republican Vice-Presidential candidate McNary, who made the attack in a speech delivered two years ago.

WHEN JIMMY CAGNEY passed through New York recently on his way to testify before Martin Dies, he gave an interview to the press. It was raining hard. Just as Cagney was solemnly telling reporters he had heard that Dies was "a swell guy; all the newspapers like him," there came a terrific peal of thunder. "God was listening," cracked one of the reporters. Cagney broke down and laughed.

FREUDIAN SLIP: Under a large picture of Elwood, Indiana, the Chicago *Daily News* ran this caption: "As though attracted by a *magnate,* automobiles were drawn along the highway toward the Republican mecca—Elwood."

DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT is expected to declare a big dividend at any moment. It has been held up, Washington sources say, because of the debate on excess-profits taxation. When that's over, the dividend will be issued with a flourish.

HERE IS one theory about the stiff German warnings that the ship American Legion was in grave peril. A Washington military expert says the reason the Germans protested so loudly was that they knew the waters were not mined—and feared that safe passage by the American Legion would prove it, for the benefit of the British.

F. D. R. AND FRANK KNOX, his Republican Secretary of War, recently made a tour of defense projects together. At the first stop a huge crowd assembled. Knox looked at the President wide-eyed and asked: "Do you always draw crowds as big as this?"

THE DAY AFTER Wendell Willkie's acceptance speech the anti-isolationist Chicago *Daily News* carried the headline: "We'll Beat Hitler: Willkie." The pro-appeasement *Herald-American* headline was: "Willkie Charges FDR Policy Invites War."

FROM A PERSONAL letter written by the headmistress of a famous girls' school in England: ". . . You would laugh at the stolidity of England. One of the haymakers on a neighboring farm was heard to say, 'That 'Itler. I'll be bound 'e won't give in without a struggle!' "

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

IN A small voice which I wish were much louder I would like to say that while we move, and properly, to be ready to defend this land, we are already forgetting the land we defend. I mean the *land*—the actual earth out of which our food grows and our forests, which is at least as much America as the people on it. I know we do not mean merely to defend a geographical area, but I lack the faith that freedom for many of us could flourish in a desert. It does not flourish now in America where the land is too worn for men to farm it in security. War would mean a new wasting—an imperative, maybe patriotic wasting, a wasting nevertheless.

I was only one of those who got the recent letter from the "Friends of the Land" announcing suspension of their activities until other times. This organization of conservationists said:

> Starting with the invasion of Belgium during May, it has become increasingly hard to win attention and to gain support. . . . This is understandable. With death striking out of the sky at helpless women and children, with hunger stalking in many places, with refugees thronging the highways and seaways, it is understandable that established organizations dealing with the alleviation of such anguish should have first call. . . . [Nevertheless], we have it always to remember that during the tumult and excitement of the first World War we skinned and beat down much of our land, and inflicted permanent destruction to resources that cannot be replaced.

Do we remember? Jay N. Darling, better known as "Ding," remembered. He wrote once from Iowa:

> The thing that finished Davis County was the war. Prices said, "Plow!" The government said, "Plow!" Against their better judgment the farmers plowed those rolling hills for wheat and corn. Especially for wheat. "Food will win the war!" the posters said. More woodland was hacked away. More grass was plowed under. The hills washed. The rivers grew muddier. The water-table fell. Springs went dry. Game went dry and died. Now thousands of acres have been abandoned.

Others remembered. Dr. T. S. Buie has described how the cotton line marched uphill again in South Carolina.

Nobody expects as much excitement now over a gully as over a gun. Certainly conservation is not competing with preparedness. But it is time people began to realize that conservation is a part of preparedness. Nobody blames Herbert Hoover now for speeding the plow which cut the Iowa hills. But with famine rising again —with the possibility that food may win another war—it is a cockeyed country which does not consider, even in war terms, land use in the future in the light of land use in the past.

It is being considered less now than it was six months ago. Russell Lord, who has written with more wisdom about this American earth under us than any other living American I know, wrote me from his farm in Maryland:

> The present preoccupation, even under threat of active war, is incredible, but actual. People just don't want to hear about conservation. You'd think that with the CCC idea implanted, with our knowledge of land use much advanced, with the AAA machinery standing ready to induce a more decently measured land use, the official mind, if not the public mind, would leap the gap, and connect military mobilization or conscription with the idea of soil defense on a grand scale at home. But no; not yet. I think the idea will come to life soon; but it needs some powerful goading.

The danger is that the goading will come again as it came before in a driven, destroying, demanding cry to beat the land again, to whip wheat out of it, to slash the earth again for the corn. If that has to be done, it will be done. Once war is here we cannot stop to count the consequences of cutting down the pine trees—to weep for the washing of our hills into our rivers. But we can recognize in any intelligent program of preparedness that our strength is still in our earth. Time may not suffice for the development of any plan for the wisest use of our land even for our defense of our land. But already we are building battleships which will not be ready for years. So we admit the possibility of some future for ourselves as well as for America. No program for its protection—no program for power—will be effective which neglects the land itself.

We may come to a time when guns are more important than butter, but even in this mechanized world America will probably never fight a war in which the factories in the long run are more important than the farms. Modern war has taught us new lessons in military equipment. It must, if we are to be secure, also teach the absolute necessity of new intelligence and energy against the old waste of the land. In this crisis the friends of the land are the best friends of American security. Even more than peace, war would need the staffs and skills they have designed to protect it.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Notes by the Way

IN "A Nest of Simple Folk" Seán O'Faoláin created an image of cottage life in Ireland which still glows in the mind more vividly than an actual memory. In its concentration of feeling, its singleness and simplicity of theme, it had the quality and force of lyric poetry. His new novel, bearing the ironic title "Come Back to Erin" (Viking Press, $2.50), has a complex theme and ranges a wide universe, in which "Erin" is a shifting personal symbol. To the central character of the book, Frankie Hannafey, infected with the conspiratorial virus, it is the revolution, which he is still fighting. To his older half-brother, St. John, grown rich and flabby and anchorless in New York, it is "home." "That house . . . had so often given him a belly-ache of desire in New York that he had cherished his thought of it as if it were a grail." To the ordinary Irishmen whom Frankie meets in New York bars it is a remote and sentimental tradition irrelevant to their actual American lives. For commentary, the reality of Ireland itself emerges in the touching loveliness of the countryside which Mr. O'Faoláin communicates so perfectly and the drab life of the house St. John yearns toward, where another brother Michael, clerk in the post office, weighed down with supporting his mother and sister these many years, dreams of Paris. Finally there is Jo, who loves Frankie, protects him fiercely from the police, and longs for an ordinary family life free of hopeless fixations about "the cause." She herself is a consumptive.

The principal episode is that of the affair between Frankie and St. John's American wife, Bee; and Balzac's remark, "Only the last love of a woman can satisfy the first love of a man," stands at the head of the first page of the book. But whatever the intention it remains an episode. Its theme is one of several which never fuse. This multiplicity of theme weakens the book from the point of view of form and force, but there are compensations in the richness of its characterization and observation, in the sensitive sure prose —Mr. O'Faoláin's capacity for evoking scene and atmosphere and personality in a few concentrated lines is well illustrated in his very first paragraph—and an intensity of feeling which is all the sharper for its fine edge of bitterness.

"JACKPOT" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, $3) contains seventy-five short stories by Erskine Caldwell, including nine not before available in book form. They range from slight to important; there are gusty tales of subhuman folk of the type set forth in "Tobacco Road" and tragic episodes in the black-and-white life of the South. Mr. Caldwell is at his best in these two categories, and his best is excellent. In such stories as Rachel he drops, as if between two stools, into sentimentality. Mr. Caldwell has prefaced each story with a comment of his own. Critics and reviewers and "Professor Horatio Perkins" are the butt of many of them; his grandfather is the subject of others, which I found the more amusing.

MISCELLANY: Scribner's has reissued the "Oracles of Nostradamus" ($2) edited by Charles A. Ward, an English scholar, and first published by Scribner's fifty years ago. It contains a chapter on the life of the great French misfortune-teller who lived four hundred years ago; an analysis by Mr. Ward—who defends his subject from the charge of being an impostor—of the meaning and fulfilment of the prophetic quatrains in which Nostradamus anticipated both names and dates by as much as 250 years; and a supplement containing a group of quatrains that might apply to our own time. Mr. Ward's scholarly decipherings are fascinating, and he himself, being very opionated and vigorous, is entertaining in his own right. Without his help the quatrains in the supplement remain obscure, though there are occasional startling lines and phrases. . . . Ben Lucian Burman's "Big River to Cross" (John Day, $3) is a pleasant book about the Mississippi today which describes the life up and down the great river. There are some good tall tales out of the mouths of shanty people and steamboat captains; an interesting account of the revival of the river's use as an important waterway as the result of a government experiment; and a description of the work and danger incurred in keeping lights going and courses charted along a stream which is forever shifting its banks and its bed. . . . "The Flying Visit" by Peter Fleming, with illustrations by David Low (Scribner's, $1.50), tells of a secret night flight over Britain, and an unexpected descent, by Adolf Hitler. It has its hilarious moments, to which its denouement doesn't quite measure up. But its light spirit and its reception in England would seem to confirm the stories of high morale. On that score, my favorite bit of evidence, for which I am indebted to *Variety*, is the quip recently sent out over the dignified B. B. C. It referred to a seaside boarding house "with large, bright rooms facing the enemy." . . . I reread "Pride and Prejudice" in the Pocket Books edition (the type is large and the price is 25 cents) before I saw the movie. I advise reversing the order. The film is very amusing in its own right, but only its plot and an occasional line are Jane Austen. I should be inclined to reproach Aldous Huxley if I knew less about the ways of Hollywood.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Lotte in Weimar

THE BELOVED RETURNS. By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

UNTIL its hero appears on page 281, Thomas Mann's Goethe novel threatens to become wholly bogged in the fabulous and vastly ramifying legend of its subject—in the torrents of defensive words and bungling surmises let forth by the garrulous puppets who surround the poet in his final apotheosis at Weimar. Goethe is here the poet as deity, the sage and national hero who "has got beyond the pathological and ripened into greatness" in the "West-Oestlicher

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Divan." He appears as Privy Councilor, obedient to the fawning whims of Weimar society ("You can resign yourself with dignity now to being a stiff-legged Excellence and saying grace for your sycophants!") yet viewing from the serene couch of Hafiz the shattering thrones and quaking empires of 1816; a chosen intimate of Nature still, who puts final touches to his treatises on optics, crystals, and plant morphology while he pursues in his dreams his "bright vision of the depths." Mann has subjected him to a species of scientific recovery: though his novel's form obviously derives from his earlier experiments in musical structure, it suggests the methods of a paleontologist, and for half its length the fossils of Goethean legend and scholarship yield little sense of the living organism that once inhabited them.

Forty-four years after the Wetzlar idyl that gave the world "The Sorrows of Werther" and catapulted its author and its heroine into European fame, the Lotte of that novel, now Frau Councilor Charlotte Kestner of Hanover, arrives in Weimar. She has not seen Goethe since her girlhood. She comes ostensibly to visit her sister Frau Ridel, but secretly she means to win a revenge for having suffered, through half a century of virtuous bourgeois domesticity, the bondage of being involved in Goethe's "overwhelming life," a symbol who "from year to year had played an ever greater part in the thoughts and imaginations of mankind." Through six chapters of pompously ironical and deflationary dialogue (of a kind plausible in the German original but never congenial to Mann, and for which even Mrs. Lowe-Porter's scrupulous translation fails to find an English equivalent that allows genuine personality to emerge), Frau Kestner is treated to the deserts of a fame she has struggled a lifetime to evade.

She suffers the flabbergasted grovelings of her inn's major domo, the clamor of the townspeople, the imbecile gossip of a roving Irish lion-hunter called Rose Cuzzle, the shamefaced frustrations of Riemer, the great man's secretary, blighted by the proximity of greatness, the anxious conspiracy of Adele Schopenhauer, who is seeking a confederate to circumvent the marriage of Ottilie von Pogwisch to Goethe's mediocre son, and finally the pathetic self-revelation of that son himself, mere "by-blow and afterclap" of his father's Jovian love affairs, who comes to deliver Goethe's dinner invitation. These dialogues, unsustained by the dialectic tension of "The Magic Mountain" or the psychological realism contrived by James or Conrad for their interminable recitatives, describe the widening periphery of human absurdity and miscomprehension in which genius is compelled to live, but they are recorded with so thick a documentation of Goethean history, so turgid a dressing of period decorum and pontificality, that they almost succeed in laying an irremediable blight on the central fact of Goethe's character and existence. The concentrated blend of personal pathos and symbolic precision that distinguished "Tonio Kröger" and "Death in Venice" is missed, and with it is lost the tragic penetration of those shorter masterpieces, whose form Mann found, thirty years ago, to be inadequate to his Goethe theme. And for his present purpose the sheerly cumulative persistence of his prose epics proves equally amiss.

On page 281 the scene and method abruptly change. From Lotte's room at the Elephant we are transported to Goethe's bed-chamber in the Frauenplan and thus into the long interior monologue of the waking poet. The Colossus slowly rears his form, ponderous with the dignity of fame and power but still torn by the old conflict of forces: by the desire to repudiate the enslaving claims of a nation he has conquered by uttering "the most marvelously compelling matter-of-factness the world has ever seen" and so to raise to higher uses in the destiny of European man that "aesthetic autonomy" which his moral passion has brought into harmony with the "Antaean compensation" of the earth, of human fact and necessity. He despises and fears the sinister national ambitions of his "misbegotten race"; he defends the pan-European ideal of Napoleon, now exiled to St. Helena; he aspires toward "the supra-personal, supra-partisan, supra-racial standards and values" of art and humanitarianism. He stands as Mann's supreme token of the artist's mission among men, of the poet compelled out of visionary illusion and impotence by his saving manhood, of "a Titanism that has been pressed back by temporal contingency." He becomes the corrective focus of that subtle riddle of creative inspiration and defeat which has found successive embodiments in Tonio Kröger, the Bajazzo, Thomas Buddenbrooks, Hans Castorp, and finally in the transmutations of conscience and "cosmic sympathy" suffered by Joseph among the harsh realities of Egypt.

In the ninety-five pages of Goethe's reverie and in ten closing pages of farewells between the old poet and Lotte, a static novel springs into life and gives unforgettable expression to Mann's lifelong researches into the meaning of art, the role of the artist as mediator between idealism and resolution, the androgynous temper of the creative vision, the fatal nature of a sympathy for universal truth, the unremitting struggle against disillusionment that must accompany the aging man and the expanding consciousness of his conceiving mind. Here Goethe becomes the preeminent "marked man" of modern times, for he stands marked by the widest contemporary fame and suspicion ever gained by a poet. If we leave him in an aura of final ambiguity ("I am the flame . . . I am the candle too . . . And finally I am the drunken butterfly that falls to the flame—figure of the eternal sacrifice, body transmuted into soul, and life to spirit"), it is partly because Mann has not found here the clarifying allegory that distinguishes his greatest work. He has written his novel out of the devoted passion of a lifetime, but he has written it more with ideas than with words —more with historical documentation than with the dramatic and poetic reality that would crystallize its central meaning and make its characters the immediate solvents of the mysterious complex of aesthetic vision. Yet "The Beloved Returns," short as it is in imaginative grace and critical lucidity, takes its place in the unity of Mann's whole work and thought. It brings to final terms his study of the artist's role in society, and in its patent autobiographical references it brings Goethe to take his place anew in a time of confusion and violence comparable to his own and even more desperately in need of his inspired sanity and passionate defense of human destiny.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

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A Primer to Nazi Germany

THEY WANTED WAR. By Otto D. Tolischus. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

THERE are many books on National Socialist Germany, but none will prove more useful as an introduction to the subject than this volume by Mr. Tolischus; it must, indeed, be read by anyone who wishes to discuss the consequences of the Nazi revolution with intelligence. Mr. Tolischus has been a correspondent of the New York *Times* in Germany for the last eight years. He was born in Germany and knows the German language and mentality, and is therefore better qualified than most observers to grasp the true meaning of events in Germany. Some American scholars, like Professor William E. Dodd of the University of Chicago, or President George Norlin of the University of Colorado, who had the opportunity to observe the rise of the National Socialist government in Germany, immediately understood the directions and consequences of National Socialism. But many people, even today, refuse to face the truth about it and become thus its most important allies outside Germany.

Mr. Tolischus presents a picture of all phases of life in a totalitarian state. His is a sober and objective report. He has no brilliancy of style, nor does he adorn his account with any of those lively sketches which are the usual support of modern journalism. The factualness of his book makes it the more impressive. And frequently, in terse sentences, he illumines the situation to its depth. The clarity of the style makes the book easy reading, but the subject matter is of the most serious import for every human being everywhere.

The National Socialists, and with them the Fascists in Italy, in Spain, and in other countries, see in the present war not only an effort at the redistribution of power or a struggle for new social forms; for them the present war is, above all, part of "a life-and-death struggle between two cultures, two ways of living and dying, two moral concepts, and two systems of social, political, and economic organization." The outcome will not only decide the status of Germany but determine the future shape of individual and social life all over this earth. "Each conquered country has been only a base of departure for new conquests; the final goal is announced to be the world rule of the German race." This rule will regulate the life of the non-Germanic races under German command for Germany's aim, and will give them the security of hard work and subject peace instead of their former liberty.

The National Socialists have never made a secret of their aim of world domination or of the methods by which they hope to arrive at this goal, methods which they have employed successfully first in Germany, later in Europe, and now in America. In a short sentence Mr. Tolischus gives an explanation of their success: "The National Socialist aims that lie beyond the conquest of any individual country have been revealed to the world long since with a calculating frankness that won them the death-defying allegiance of German youth —a fact which precludes their abandonment—and seduced the rest of the world into not taking them seriously." The story of National Socialism owes its fascination to the very fact that it has succeeded in translating the wildest and most fantastic dreams into reality.

HANS KOHN

Growing Up

THE CANYON. By Peter Viertel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

WRITING from the point of view of a young man about twenty, Mr. Viertel (who is only nineteen) conjures up the nostalgic story of a California adolescence, redolent of the bitter-sweet tang that life holds more abundantly during the 'teen years than ever before or after. The book has something of the flavor of John Fante's "Wait Until Spring, Bandini" and "Ask the Dust," but Mr. Viertel's hero is neither neurotic nor hypersensitive, has no more repressions than nine out of ten lads who take death and friendship and sex and religion with mortal seriousness and are rebuffed by the incomprehensible veil of flippancy with which their elders try to conceal their own uncertainty. Take Studs Lonigan out of the squalid Chicago slums into the clean air of a California canyon, give him a little more intelligence and a few more wholesome companions, and you have some picture of George Rivers, proud of his athletic feats and his place in the "gang," pathetically eager to grapple the Present to him, to postpone the uncertain Future, which is college and new people, far places, unknown, mistrusted values. It is easy to focus on either the humorous or the sordid side of these boy-vagaries, to make either a Henry Aldrich or a Studs Lonigan; Mr. Viertel has distilled from them, rather, a poignant, unvarnished poetry.

From the small but remarkably vivid gallery of George's boyhood friends several portraits stand out boldly in the memory: Keetcheye, partly tamed half-breed Indian who lorded it like a despot over the gang; Betsy, a stunt horseback rider, George's first love and the only girl in the bunch; Perfecto, a Mexican lad whose family once owned the whole canyon but who grows up to be snubbed as a greaser by Jimmy, a born drugstore cowboy. It is hard, even in a long novel, to put one's finger on the exact tricks by which the writer has made his people live and breathe; in a short book like "The Canyon" real three-dimensional character sculpture would seem to require nothing short of black magic. If this be so, then Mr. Viertel must have waved the wand and mouthed the spell, for in less than three hundred pages he has made Keetcheye and Betsy and Jimmy and Perfecto—and, of course, the narrator, George—so solid and corporeal you could pinch them.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO CANADIAN SUBSCRIBERS

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IN BRIEF

AESCHYLUS, THE CREATOR OF TRAGEDY. By Gilbert Murray. Oxford University Press. $3.

In the latest of his contributions to the understanding of Greek drama it is the author's thesis that Aeschylus was the "creator" of tragedy in that he brought to it majesty of language, a new stage technique, and the ideas of a great poet. It takes more Greek than belongs to most of "the public" to whom the book is addressed to decide how far modern ideas may have been read into the Greeks in this reinterpretation. No Greek is required to follow and enjoy the exposition and to gain vital stimulation and illumination from it.

NEUTRALITY FOR THE UNITED STATES. By Edwin Borchard and William Potter Lage. Yale University Press. $3.50.

This new edition of a well-known book, first published in 1937, has an added chapter covering events of the past three years. The authors are extremely critical of the foreign policy of the Administration, which they see as based on emotional judgments unwarranted by any American interest. Advocating a neutrality of deed, word, and heart, they appear to believe that, if this could be achieved, we could afford to be completely unperturbed about the outcome of the present war. This is isolationism of the stratospheric or "Lone Eagle" variety.

ZALAR MILLIONU. By Vojta Benes. Chicago University Press. 50 cents.

Vojta Benes is an older brother of Dr. Eduard Benes, the second President of Czechoslovakia. His book, written in Czech, bears the title "A Prison for Millions," which is only another name for the so-called Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia. The book is a somber record of German bestialities and Czech sufferings—the looting of the country, the sadist persecution of leading citizens, the mass murder of Czech students, and what is less well known here, the systematic effort of the invaders to pauperize, Germanize, and finally destroy the Czech nation. Tens of thousands of workmen have been deported to Germany; Czech industries have been taken over by Germans; the country's foreign trade, its chief source of prosperity, has been destroyed; its universities are closed. Czech farmers have not yet been driven from their lands, but their crops are under German control, and starvation threatens.

RECORDS

THE report of Victor's price reductions was relayed to me too late on August 19 for it to be inserted in last week's column. Red Seal records—including those of Toscanini, Stokowski, Flagstad, and other favorites—are now $1 for twelve-inch, 75 cents for ten-inch; for Black Label Classics the prices are 75 and 50 cents.

Not long ago I had occasion to observe that even worse than the music of our Coplands, Harrises, and Hindemiths is their talk about the music—with the ad hoc aesthetics, the misstatements and misinterpretations of history, and the other confusions that are dust in the eyes of people whose ears alone would not be fooled. And now it is Krenek who tells us of the piano pieces he has recorded for Columbia (X-171, $2): "In the fall of 1938 I had repeated occasion to discuss with piano teachers the music which they let their students play. I soon noticed that contemporary music was represented in this material by only a trifling number of pieces of secondary significance. More advanced styles and techniques of composition were practically not taken into consideration at all. I was told that it was not the lack of good will on the part of teachers that was responsible . . . but rather the lack of suitable compositions. Thus I decided to contribute to an improvement of the situation . . . and in December, 1938, I composed 'Twelve Short Piano Pieces, Written in Twelve-Tone Technique.' . . . The musical contents of the pieces as well as their performing difficulty are meant to correspond with the capacity and the interest of normally advanced students and amateurs." All as bland as though it were Chopin talking about his Etudes, and about an idiom which "normally advanced" students and amateurs would take to in the way babies take to milk. Since actually it is Krenek talking about pieces written in the twelve-tone technique I doubt that his contribution to the improvement of the situation will improve it. Thanks to Krenek, that is, there will be pieces in the "advanced styles and techniques" available; but I doubt that many "normally advanced students and amateurs" will want to play them or listen to them.

Boccherini's Quartet Opus 33 No. 5 is the sort of work which first-rate quartet-playing, with its fluidity and sensitiveness, can make delightful, but which the Roth Quartet's playing—though a little less stiff, and recorded with a little less harshness—makes only moderately charming and enjoyable (X-170, $2.50). Copland's Two Pieces for String Quartet, well played by the Dorian Quartet and well recorded (70092-D, $1), you can neglect.

The Decca version of Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf" (Set 130, $3.50) has one important point of superiority over the Victor: Frank Luther's informal room-size delivery of the narrative, as against Richard Hale's declamation into the reverberant space of unfilled Symphony Hall. But the music as Smallens performs it with a group of New York Philharmonic players has none of the color and brightness and wit that it has in Koussevitzky's performance with the Boston Symphony. The recording is clear, but in my set there is some bad off-center wavering in pitch.

Announcing the end of its offer, the New York *Post* also announced two additional sets: Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" Suite. Of the symphony both performance and recording are coarse-grained; the suite is played with beautiful tone and finish, though also with occasional interpretive affectations, and the performance is one of the best recorded of the series.

Though the *Post* is no longer selling the records they are being sold throughout the country under the auspices of the National Committee for Music Appreciation by newspapers, music clubs, local committees, and so on. Some time ago I wrote to the National Committee and asked for a list of these various agencies and the various prices they were selling the records for, but received no answer. A White Plains reader wrote to ask where he could buy the records, and was informed that they were being sold by newspapers, music clubs, and so on; and his letter of further inquiry was not answered. The records were sold at one time by the Washington *Star,* Los Angeles *Times,* Buffalo *Courier-Express,* Oakland *Tribune,* Portland (Ore.) *Journal;* they can be had from the Boston Committee for Music Appreciation, 150 Federal Street; and I would welcome further information, including prices, from *Nation* readers in other cities where the records are being sold at present.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Not Labor's Fault

Dear Sirs: An article by Harold Laski entitled British Labor in Retreat in *The Nation* of October 2, 1937, answers the slander that British labor, by holding up production, was responsible for the national unpreparedness to meet Nazi aggression. I quote some pertinent passages:

> The central feature of the [Norwich Trade Union] Congress was the decision not to oppose the rearmament program. Labor has now adopted an attitude of which the London *Times* can rightly say that "there is no longer even the appearance of disagreement between the government and the opposition on the need for the rearmament that is in progress." . . . Labor assumes that fascism menaces democracy, which must be armed to meet the menace. It therefore commits itself to supporting the provision of arms. . . . That is why trade-union leaders refuse to take advantage of the present boom. That is why in almost every big union militant members are penalized, unofficial strikes vigorously suppressed, and too zealous strikers, like some in the Transport Workers' Union and the Electrical Trades' Union, are actually expelled. The leaders, in fact, have assured the government and the employers that they need not expect difficulties from the trade unions in completing the armament program.

That testimony is all the more convincing because it was given nearly three years ago and because Laski wrote disapprovingly of labor's policy. (Laski now admits the policy was correct, since he supports the war as a war against fascism, for democracy.)

British unpreparedness was not labor's fault; it was the fault of big business's economic sabotage and the Tory government's political and military misunderstanding of the Nazi menace. That was equally true in France. After the strikes in July, 1936, when the Popular Front government came to power, not a single strike occurred in the French armament industries, including aviation. Moreover, in the airplane industry labor agreed to work five hours more a week. But even if hours had been increased two or three times that much, it would still have been a drop in the bucket, because the French airplane industry had only 35,000 workers compared with Germany's 200,000. French big business made no effort to enlarge the airplane industry or to use most efficiently the industry already in existence.

Secretary of War Stimson stated recently that during the preceding seven weeks only 33 planes had been ordered, although the army had been trying to place orders for 4,000. Why? Because manufacturers refuse to accept orders before they have legislation assuring them of higher profits and favorable taxation. Yet these gentlemen and their journalistic apologists are urging longer hours for workers—while 10,000,000 are still unemployed—and the end of social reform as necessary for national defense. Shall we repeat the Anglo-French experience?

LEWIS COREY

New York, August 15

Youth and the Draft

Dear Sirs: Young men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one are in the news today because Messrs. Burke and Wadsworth, and others, think it necessary to draft them in order to preserve "the integrity and institutions of the United States."

We, who are among the youth to be drafted, are opposed to the compulsory-military-training bill for the following reasons: (1) It is not necessary. We see fascist bullies making gains in the world, but we believe there are ways of raising an adequate army to defend America besides this selective conscription. (2) Placing hundreds of thousands of us under army rule in peace time is a threat to our basic freedom of thought and action. Why not conscript our thinking into one mold for "efficient defense" of democracy? (3) Conscription is a temporary expedient to meet a "crisis" and not an answer to the underlying problem of unemployment, which is a real threat to American democracy.

We recognize that the problem before America is the defense of its democratic way of life. We propose the following: (1) A national program of functional education in the democratic way of life. Operated in the local community by local leadership and resources (schools, colleges, church, forum, etc.) its aim should be to rediscover the "grass roots" of democracy in everyday living. Emphasis should be placed upon the responsibilities as well as the freedom in democracy. (2) A national survey of the situation and a national and local effort to find youth a place in the present American system—a searching, scientific approach to the problem of youth's unemployment. (3) The establishment of voluntary, non-military work camps to teach young Americans skills useful in peace or war. These camps should be nation-wide but take advantage of local conditions in planning the specialized training to be offered. The wages paid should be near the union wage minimum. (4) Voluntary one-year enlistment in the army for wages of $30 a month.

If the energies and imagination of youth are freed in an expansion of the democratic way of life, then they will of themselves rally to America's defense and development.

DAVID BURGESS
LEONARD DETWEILER

Philadelphia, Pa., August 21

Political Realism

Dear Sirs: I read with interest and disappointment Charles Malcolmson's article on the Flynn appointment. It is to me a very discouraging thing to find intelligent liberals still politically so naive. Those of us who believe that Roosevelt's defeat in November would be a major disaster must wake up to the fact that it will take every Democratic vote, reactionary, machine, and New Deal, to prevent it. There aren't enough conscious enthusiastic New Deal votes to do it. There aren't enough enthusiastic Republican votes to elect Willkie either.

The election will be decided, as usual, by the way the great mass of inert, unpolitical citizens can be shoved. And that means machine organization, of whatever kind is needed in each locality. It means the organization work of all the boys Jim Farley called by their first names. This is no time for unrealistic idealistic purges. George Peek and Governor White may jump the reservation without serious loss, but if Jim Farley's boys take a walk, it's all up with the New Deal.

I don't know anything about Flynn except that he is a man who knows the value of ward organization and can

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probably swing New York state. Those are two vitally important assets. No brain-truster could do as much. Roosevelt has got to have somebody whose major interest is the local county and ward clubs. Corcoran and Cohen, Berle and Hopkins may be full of bright ideas, but they don't drag the voters down to register and see that Aunt Hester is called for with a car on Election Day.

The two biggest mistakes Roosevelt made, the ones that turned public opinion against him most strongly, were the attempt to purge the court and the attempt to purge certain Senators and Congressmen. I hope you won't urge him to purge the Democratic National Committee at a time like this!

PETER OLSON

Milwaukee, Wis., August 20

Monopoly Morals

Dear Sirs: Our oil monopolies continue their traditional tactics with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. Upon the arrival in Havana, by previous agreement, of 50,000 barrels of Mexican crude to be refined, the Standard and Shell companies immediately dropped their prices in order to undersell the Mexican oil and drive it from the market (*El Nacional,* August 12). Similarly, the contract signed last April by the manager of the Mexican distributing company with the Petroleum Heat and Power Company of New York was canceled as a result of pressure brought to bear by the American oil companies (*El Nacionale,* August 6).

Will concerns known to have used such tactics consistently throughout their entire history be seriously affected by a "moral" embargo against shipping oil to Japan or other totalitarian countries?

MINA A. GILDERSLEEVE

Austin, Tex., August 22

Demand for Loyalty

Dear Sirs: A democracy is apparently unable to purge out the fifth columnists and fascist sympathizers in high posts in the armed forces. How, then, are we going to keep them from selling us out at the front? Will they do anything less in a war they do not want to win? Public opinion can force them to fight a war they do not believe in, but it cannot compel their loyalty.

We must also demand pledges of Roosevelt and Willkie that they will not appoint ambassadors and other key men who favor the Axis, a tendency that has dogged Roosevelt despite all his liberal avowals.

T. A. TENOR

Beaver Falls, Pa., August 21

CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES MALCOLMSON, a Washington newspaperman, was formerly on the staff of the Philadelphia *Record.*

HEINZ POL, a German émigré journalist, will soon publish a book on France entitled "Suicide of a Democracy."

WALDO FRANK recently resigned as contributing editor of the *New Republic* because of his objection to that journal's policy on the war. He is the author of many books, the latest of which is "Chart for Rough Water."

ROSE STEIN is a Pittsburgh journalist who covers chiefly labor news.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL, a former editor of *Poetry,* has published an anthology of "Literary Opinion in America."

HANS KOHN, professor of modern European history at Smith College, is the author of "Revolution and Dictatorship" and other books.

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